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THE
OF FAITH
AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.



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THE
VIGIL OF FAITH
AND
OTHER POEMS

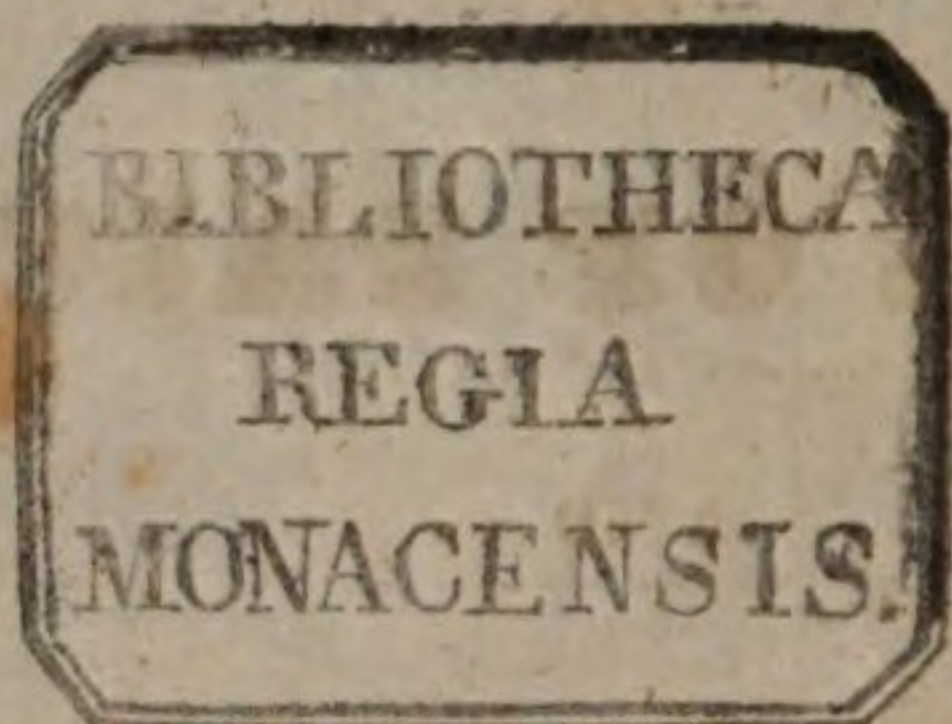
BY
CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

CAMPE'S EDITION.

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REGIA

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MEMOIR.

The author of "Greyslaer," "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," etc. is a brother of the Honourable Ogden Hoffman, and a son of the late eminent lawyer of the same name.* He is the child of a second marriage. His maternal grandfather was John Fenno of Philadelphia, one of the ablest political writers of the old Federal party, during the administration of WASHINGTON. The family, which is a numerous one in the state of New York, planted themselves at an early day, in the valley of the Hudson, as appears from the Dutch records of Peter Stuyvesant's storied reign.

Mr. HOFFMAN was born in New York, in the year 1806. He was sent to a Latin grammar-school in that city, when six years old, from which, at the age of nine, he was transferred to the Poughkeepsie academy, a seminary on the Hudson, about eighty miles from New York, which at that time enjoyed great reputation. The harsh

*Judge HOFFMAN was, in early life, one of the most distinguished advocates at the American bar. He won his first cause in New Jersey at the age of seventeen; the illness of counsel or the indulgence of the court giving him the opportunity to speak. At twenty-one he succeeded his father as representative, from New York, in the state legislature. At twenty-six he filled the office of Attorney-General; and thenceforth the still youthful pleader was often the successful competitor of HAMILTON, BURR, PINKNEY, and other professional giants, for the highest honours of the legal forum.

treatment he received here induced him to run away, and his father, finding that he had not improved under a course of severity, did not insist upon his return, but placed him under the care of an accomplished Scottish gentleman in one of the rural villages of New Jersey. During a visit home from this place, and when about twelve years of age, he met with an injury which involved the necessity of the immediate amputation of the right leg, above the knee. The painful circumstances are minutely detailed in the New York "Evening Post," of the 25th October, 1817, from which it appears, that while, with other lads, attempting the dangerous feat of leaping aboard a steamer as she passed a pier, under full way, he was caught between the vessel and the wharf. The steamer swept by, and left him clinging by his hands to the pier, crushed in a manner too frightful for description. This deprivation, instead of acting as a disqualification for the manly sports of youth, and thus turning the subject of it into a retired student, seems rather to have given young Hoffman an especial ambition to excel in swimming, riding, etc. to the still further neglect of perhaps more useful acquirements.

When fifteen years old, he entered Columbia College, and here, as at preparatory schools, was noted rather for success in gymnastic exercises than in those of a more intellectual character. His reputation, judging from his low position in his class, contrasted with the honours that were awarded him by the college-societies at their anniversary exhibitions, was greater with the students than with the faculty, though the honorary degree of Master of Arts, conferred upon him under peculiarly gratifying circumstances, after leaving the institution in his third or junior year, without having graduated, clearly implies that he was still a favourite with his *alma mater*.*

* At the first semi-centennial anniversary of the incorporation of Columbia College, the honorary degree Master of Arts was

Immediately after leaving college — being then 18 years old — he commenced the study of the law with the Honourable Harmanus Bleecker, of Albany, now *Chargé d' Affaires* of the United States at the Hague. When twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar, and in the succeeding three years he practised in the courts of the city of New York. During this period he wrote anonymously for the New York American — having made his first essay as a writer for the gazettes while in Albany — and I believe finally became associated with Mr. Charles King in the editorship of that paper.

Since that time Mr. Hoffman has devoted his attention almost constantly to literature. While connected with the "American," he published a series of brilliant articles in that paper, under the signature of a *star* (*) which attracted much attention. In 1833, for the benefit of his health, he left New York on a travelling tour for the "far west," and his letters, written during his absence, were also first published in that popular journal. They were afterwards included in his "Winter in the West," of which the first impression appeared in New York, in 1834, and the second, soon after, in London. This work has passed through many editions, and it will continue to be popular so long as graphic descriptions of scenery and character, and richness and purity of style, are admired. His next work, entitled "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," was first printed in 1837, and, like its predecessor, it contains many admirable pictures of scenery, inwoven with legends of the western country, and descriptive poetry. This was followed by a romance, entitled "Greyslaer," founded upon the famous criminal trial of Beauchamp, for the murder of Colonel Sharpe, the Solicitor-General of Kentucky, — the particulars of which, softened away in the novel, are minutely detailed

conferred upon FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT,
and CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

VIII

in the appendix to his "Winter in the West." "Greyslaer" was a successful novel — two editions having appeared in the author's native city, one in Philadelphia, and a fourth in London, in the same year. It placed him in the front rank of American novelists. He describes in it, with remarkable felicity, American forest-life, and savage warfare, and gives a truer idea of the border contests of the Revolution than any formal history of the period that has been published.

The Knickerbocker magazine was first issued under the editorial auspices of Mr. Hoffman. He subsequently became the proprietor of the American Monthly Magazine, (one of the ablest literary periodicals ever published in this country,) and during the long term of which he was the chief editor of this journal, he also, for one year, conducted the New York Mirror, for its proprietor, and wrote a series of zealous papers in favour of international copyright, for the New Yorker, the Corsair, and other journals.

The poetry of Mr. Hoffman is graceful and fanciful. No American is comparable to him as a song writer. Although some of his pieces are exquisitely finished, they have all evidently been thrown off without labour, in moments of feeling. A few of his pieces, in which he has copied the style of "the old and antique song," are equal to the richest melodies of the time of Herrick and Waller.

RUFUS WILLMOT GRISWOLD.

THE VIGIL OF FAITH.

I.

'T was in the mellow autumn time,
That revel of our masquing clime,
When, as the Indian crone believes,
The rainbow tints of nature's prime,
She in her forest banner weaves;
To show in that bright blazonry,
How the young earth did first supply
Each gorgeous hue that paints the sky,
Or in the sun-set billow heaves.

II.

'T was in the mellow autumn time,
When from the spongy swollen swamp,
The lake a darker tide receives;
When nights are growing long and damp;
And at the dawn a glistening rime
Is silvered o'er the gaudy leaves:
When hunters leave their hill-side camp,
With fleet hound some, the dun-deer rousing,
In "still-hunt," some, to shoot him browsing:
And close at night their forest tramp,
Where the fat yearling scents their fire,
And, new unto their murderous ways,
Affrighted, feels his life expire
As stupidly he stands at gaze,
Where that wild crew sit late carousing.

III.

'T was in the mellow autumn time,
When I, an idler from the town,
With gun and rod was lured to climb

Those peaks, mid which the HUDSON takes
 His tribute from an hundred lakes;
 Lakes which the sun, though pouring down
 His mid-day splendors round each isle,
 At eventide so soon forsakes
 That you may watch his fading smile
 For hours around those summits glow
 When all is gray and chill below;
 While, in that brief autumnal day
 Still, varying all in feature, they
 As mid their watery maze you stray
 Will yet some wilding beauty show.

IV.

For he beholds whose footfalls press
 The mosses of that wilderness,
 Each charm the glorious HUDSON boasts
 Through his far reaching strand —
 When sweeping from these leafy coasts,
 His mighty march he sea-ward takes —
 First pictured in those mountain lakes,
 All fresh from nature's hand!
 Some broadly flashing to the sun,
 Like warrior's shield when first displayed,
 Some, dark, as when the battle done,
 That shield oft blackens in the glade.
 Round one that on the eye will ope
 With many a winding sunny reach,
 The rising hills will gently slope
 From turfy bank and pebbled beach.
 With rocks and ragged forests bound,
 Deep set in fir-clad mountains' shade,
 You trace another where resound
 The echoes of the hoarse cascade.

V.

Aweary with a day of toil,
 And all uncheered with hunter's spoil,
 Guiding a wet and sodden boat,
 With thing, half paddle, half an oar,
 I chanced one murky eve to float
 Along the grim and ghastly shore

Of such wild water ;
 Past trees , some shooting from the bank,
 With dead boughs dipping in the wave,
 And some with trunks moss-grown and dank,
 On which the savage, that here drank
 A thousand years ago, did grave
 His tale of slaughter.

VI.

Gazing amid these mouldering stems,
 Through thickets from their ruins starting,
 To spy a deer-track if I could,
 I saw the boughs a-near me parting,
 Revealing what seemed two bright gems
 Gleaming from out the dusky wood ;
 And in that moment on the shore,
 Just where I brushed it with my oar,
 An aged INDIAN stood !

VII.

Nay! shrink not, lady, from my tale,
 Because erst moved by border story,
 Thy thoughtful cheek grew still more pale
 At images so dire and gory!
 Nor yet — grown worldly since that time
 Ask — half disdainful of my rhyme,
 "AN INDIAN! — why, in theme so stale
 There can be no new interest, can there?
 'T was but some hunter on his stand
 Annoyed to see you near the land,
 You took him for a panther !"

VIII.

It was just so, and nothing more ;
 The deer-stand that I sought was here,
 Where too the Indian came for deer ;
 A civil fellow, seldom drunk,
 Who dragged my leaky skiff ashore,
 And pointed out a fallen trunk,
 Where sitting I could spy the brink,
 Beneath the gently tilting branches,

And shoot the buck that came to drink
 Or wash the black flies from his haunches.
 With this he plunged into the wood
 Saying he on the "run-way," knew
 Another stand, and quite as good
 If but the night breeze fairly blew.

IX.

An hour passed by without a sign
 Of buck or doe in range appearing;
 The wind began to crisp the lake,
 The wolf to howl from out the brake,
 And I do think that boat of mine
 I'd better soon be campward steering;
 When near me thro' the black'ning night
 Again I saw those eyes so bright,
 And as my swarthy friend drew nigher,
 I heard these words pronounced in tone,
 Lady, as silken as thine own,
 "White man, we'd better make a fire."

X.

Our kindling stuff lay near at hand —
 Peelings of bark, some half uncoiled
 In flakes, from boughs by age despoiled,
 And some in shreds by rude winds torn;
 Dead vines that round the dead trees clung;
 Dry moss that from their old arms swung,
 Tattered and stained — all weather-worn,
 Like funeral weeds hung out to dry,
 Or ensigns drooping mournfully; —
 These quickly caught the spark we fanned.
 Branches, that once waved over-head,
 Now brittlely crackling 'neath our tread,
 Fed next the greedy flame's demand.
 Lastly a fallen trunk or two —
 Which, when from weedy lair we drew,
 Across the blazing pyre we threw —
 For savory broil supplied the brand.

XI.

Of hemlock-fir we made our couch,
 A bed for cramps and colds consoling;

I had some biscuits in my pouch,
 A salmon-trout I'd killed in trolling;
 My comrade had some venison dried,
 And corn in bear's lard lately fried:
 And, on my word, I will avouch
 That when we did our stock divide
 In equal portions, save the last,
 Apicius would not deride
 The relish of that night's repast.

XII.

We talked that night — I love to talk
 With these grown children of the wild,
 When in their native forest walk,
 Confiding, simple as a child,
 They lose at times that sullen mood
 Which marks the wanderer of the wood,
 And in that pliant hour will show
 As prodigal and fresh of thought
 As genius when its feelings flow
 In words by feeling only taught.

XIII.

We talked — 't was first of fish and game,
 Of hunters' arts to strike their quarry,
 Of portages and lakes whose name,
 As uttered in his native speech,
 If memory could have hoarded each,
 A portage-labor 't were to carry.
 Yet one whose length — it is a score
 Of miles perhaps in length or more —
 'T is glorious to troll,
 I can recall in name and feature
 From dull oblivion's scathe
 Partly because in slim canoe
 I since have tracked it through and through,
 Partly that from this simple creature
 I heard that night a tale of faith
 Which moved my very soul.

XIV.

Yes INCA-PAH-CHOW! though thy name
 Has never flowed in poet's numbers,

And all unknown, thy virgin claim
 To wild and matchless beauty, slumbers;
 Yet memory's pictures all must fade
 Ere I forget that sunset view
 When, issuing first from forest shade
 A day of storms had darker made,
 Thy floating isles and mountains blue,
 Thy waters sparkling far away
 Round craggy point and verdant bay —
 The point with dusky cedars crowned,
 The bay with beach of silver bound —
 Upon my raptured vision grew.
 Grew every moment, brighter, fairer,
 As I, at close of that wild day,
 Emerging from the green wood nearer,
 Saw the red sun his glorious path
 Cleave through the storm-cloud's dying wrath,
 And with one broad triumphant ray
 Upon thy crimsoned waters cast,
 Sink warrior-like to rest at last.

XV.

"I like INCA-PAH-CHOW well,"
 Half mused aloud my wild-wood friend,
 "Why, 'white-man, I can hardly tell,
 For fish and deer, at either end
 The rifts are good; but run-ways more
 There are by crooked IROQUOIS:
 And RACKETT at the time of spearing,
 As well as that for yarding moose,
 Hath both, enough for hunters' use:
 Amid these hills some lakes there are, show
 More limpid waters to the eye;
 In some at night, I've seen the star glow
 As if it dropped there from the sky;
 Better for trout I'll not deny
 Are some, where leaves will earlier fall,
 And mountain currents colder far, flow;
 I've plied my paddle in them all —
 To me they are not INCA-PAH-CHOW!" *)

*) "Inca-pah-chow," (*anglice*, LINDENMERE,) is so called by the
 Indians from its forests of Bass-wood or American Linden.

XVI.

There was a sadness in his tone
 His careless words would fain disown ;
 And now far back in memory
 He seemed so much absorbed to be
 I'd not molest his reverie ;
 And then — in phrase I now forget,
 When I at last the silence broke —
 In the same train of musing yet,
 He watched awhile the wreathing smoke
 Curl from his lighted calumet,
 Ere answering, thus aloud he spoke : —

XVII.

“Years, years ago, when life was new,
 And long before there was a clearing
 Among these ADIRONDACH-HIGHLANDS,
 My chieftain kept his best canoe
 On one of INCA-PAH-CHOW'S islands —
 The largest, which lies tow'rd the north —
 And there had built his shantie too.
 A trapper now with years o'erladen,
 He lived there with one only daughter,
 A gentle but still gamesome maiden,
 Who, I have heard, would venture forth,
 Venture upon the darkest night
 Across the broad and gusty water
 To climb that cliff upon the main,
 By some since called THE MAIDEN'S REST,
 That foot save hers hath never pressed,
 And watch the camp-fire's distant light,
 Which told that she should see again
 Her hunter when the dawn was bright.”

It is better known perhaps by the insipid name of “Long Lake ;” and is one of that chain of mountain lakes which though closely interlacing with the sources of the Hudson, discharge themselves through Rackett river into the St. Lawrence. They lie on the borders of Essex in Hamilton county, New York.

XVIII.

He paused — looked down, then stirred the fire,
 He smiled — I did not like that smile,
 As leaning on his elbow nigher
 His bright eyes glared in mine the while.
 And I was glad that scrutiny o'er,
 When neither had misgivings more,
 While he his tale told as before.

XIX.

"White man, thy look is open, kind,
 Thou scornest not a tale of truth!
 Should I in thee a mocker find,
 'T would shame alike thy blood and youth.
 I trust thee! well, now look upon
 This withered cheek and shrunken form!
 Canst think, young man, I was the one
 For whom that maiden dared the storm?
 Yes, often, till a tribesman came —
 It matters not to speak his name —
 A youth as tall, as straight as I,
 As quick his quarry to descry,
 A hunter skilful in the chase,
 As ever moccasin did lace.
 — But thou shalt see him if thou wilt
 Gaze on the wreck since made by guilt. —

XX.

"Often she dared to cross the wave
 At midnight in the wildest weather,
 While tempests round the peak would rave
 From which she watched for nights together.
 For he, that tribesman whom I loved,
 Yes, loved as if he were my brother;
 Had told her that the woods I roved
 To feed the lodge where dwelt another;
 Another who my lot did share,
 And therefore claimed a hunter's care;
 Claimed it upon some distant shore,
 From which I would return no more.

XXI.

"All this in her had wrought no change,
 No anxious doubt, no jealous fear,
 But he meanwhile had words most strange,
 Breathed in my gentle NUL-KAH's ear,
 Which made her wish that I were near:
 Words strange to her, who, simple, true,
 And only love as prosperous knew,
 Shrank from the fitful fantasy,
 Which seeming less like love than hate,
 Would cloud his moody brow when he,
 Gazing on her, arraigned the fate
 Which could such loveliness create
 Only to work him misery.
 And when she heard that lying tale,
 Her woman's heart could soon discover
 Some double treachery might assail,
 Through him, her unsuspecting lover;
 And Love in fear, now, fearless, brought her
 On errand Love in hope first taught her.

XXII.

"I came at last. She asked me naught —
 It was enough to see me there,
 But of the friend who thus had wrought,
 Though he now streams far distant sought,
 She bade me in the woods beware.
 A wound my coming had delayed,
 And still too weak to use my gun,
 I set the nets the old chief made;
 Baited his traps in forest glade;
 And sweetly after wooed the maid
 At evening when my toils were done.

XXIII.

"'T was then I chose a grassy swale,
 In which my wigwam frame to make,
 Sheltered by crags from northern gale,
 Shaded by boughs, save tow'rd the lake.
 The RED-BIRD's nest above it swung;

The MA-MA-TWA there often sung;
 There too, when Spring was backward, first
 Her shrinking blossoms safely burst;
 And there, when autumn leaf was sere,
 Some flowers still stayed the loitering year.

XXIV.

"She learned full soon to love the spot,
 For who could see and love it not?
 And there, when I the isle would leave,
 And sometimes now my gun resume,
 She'd slyly steal the mats to weave
 Which were to line our bridal room.
 Happy we were! what love like ours,
 Blossoming thus as fresh and free
 As unrestrained as wild-wood flowers,
 Yet keeping all their purity!

XXV.

"Happy we were! my secret foe,
 How dread a foe I knew not then,
 Remained to fish the streams below
 That into CADARAQUI flow,
 Returning to us only when
 Some kinsmen on our bridal morn,
 Impelled by a mysterious doom
 Which with that fateful man was born,
 Brought him to shroud the day in gloom
 And blast our joys about to bloom.

XXVI.

"Just MANITOU! O may the boat
 That bears him to the spirit land,
 For ages on those black waves float
 Which catch no light from off its strand.
 Float blindly there, still laboring on
 Tow'rd shores 't is never doomed to reach;
 Float there till time itself is gone,
 And when again 't would seek the beach
 From which with that lone soul it started;
 Baffling let *that* before it flee,

Till hope of rest hath all departed,
 And still when that last hope is gone,
 A guideless thing float on, float on!

XXVII.

"The birds of song had sunk to rest;
 The eagle's tireless wing was furled;
 On INCA-PAH-CHOW's darkening breast
 The last few golden ripples curled;
 The distant mountains, bright before,
 Now seemed to darken more and more
 Against the eastern sky,
 Until a white-pine's slender cone,
 Tapering above the hill-top, shone,
 And showed the moon was nigh.
 Our friends, they all stood gravely round
 Waiting until that moon should rise,
 The bridal moon whose aspect crowned
 For good or ill our destinies:
 The signal too, the hour had come,
 When I could claim my bride and home.

XXVIII.

"Blushing at that fast-brightening sky,
 When on her father's lodge it shone,
 How did she shrink within, when I
 Would lead that loved one to my own!
 Forth stepped e'en then that murderous guest
 Who grimly stood amid the rest,
 And, while his knife he drew,
 With cry that made us all aghast,
 And frantic gesture hurrying past,
 He sprang the threshold through.

XXIX.

"A shriek! and I with soul of flame
 Devoured the fearful space between,
 Another and another came
 E'en while my gripe was on his throat,
 Where writhing in the dark unseen
 His victim in her gore did float;

And life was oozing through each wound
 That gashed her lovely form about,
 When hurling him upon the ground,
 I bore her to the light without.

XXX.

"Aided by that untimely beam,
 Which harbingered such bridal woes,
 I watched its ebbing current gleam,
 And watching would not, could not deem
 That blessed life's too precious stream
 Growing each moment darker, colder,
 E'en while I to my heart did fold her,
 Already at its close.
 She tried to speak — then pressed my hand,
 And looked — oh looked into my eyes
 As if through them the spirit-land
 Did first upon her vision rise,
 As if her soul that could not stay
 Through mine might only pass away.

XXXI.

"I know not when that look did fade,
 Nor when did fail that dying grasp,
 Nor how they loosed the lifeless maid
 Stiffening within love's desperate clasp.
 The sod upon her grave was green,
 The leaflet greening on the oak,
 The autumn and the winter o'er
 When I once more to sense awoke,
 Awoke to know some joys had been
 Which now to me could be no more.

XXXII.

"He still was there, that youth accurst,
 Who thus through blood his end had sought,
 He who with frenzied love athirst
 Such wreck of loveliness had wrought.
 He still was there, for while I breathed,
 With sense and feeling almost gone —
 The aged father thus bereaved,

Raving the wretch should still live on —
 Of all our friends there was not one
 Would deal the vengeance they believed
 'T was mine on him to wreak alone.

XXXIII.

"He still was there. 'T was he that kept
 A nurse's watch while thus I slept:
 Ever and ever by my side,
 With anxious eye and noiseless tread,
 Hanging about my fevered bed,
 With none he would his task divide;
 Trembling, with jealous fears afraid,
 When near the grave I seemed to hover,
 Lest that bright land which claimed the maid,
 Was opening too upon her lover.

XXXIV.

"And now, when no more languishing,
 My mind and strength became renewed,
 Amid the balmy airs of spring,
 And I once more could take the wood;
 Think you he feared the bloody fate
 Which blood will alway expiate?
 Oh no! he looked too far before —
 Looked far beyond this fleeting shore,
 Where bliss will die as soon as born!
 He hoped, he blindly trusted he
 That on the instant that I woke,
 Revenge would be so fierce in me,
 I'd madly deal some deathful stroke
 Would send his soul where hers was gone!

XXXV.

"But I — I knew too well his guile,
 'T was whispered me in dreams the while.
 I saw a form about my bed,
 That alway shrunk from him with dread:
 'T would come by night, 't would come by day,
 But clearest in the moonbeam show,
 Then alway as it nearer drew

Ere melting from my wistful view,
 With palm reversed it seemed to say,
 "If yet thou wilt not with me go,
 Keep him — *Oh, keep but him away!*"

XXXVI.

"And did I not? ay, while the knell
 Of youth and hope yet echoed by,
 Did I not then allay thy fears,
 Disturbed soul, that his was nigh?
 And o'er the waste of dreary years,
 On which heart-withered doomed to dwell,
 I look with wearying vision back —
 Have I not on that desert track,
 Sweet spirit, kept love's vigil well?
 Oh have I not! Yes — though no more
 I see at night those moon-touched fingers,
 Still beckoning as they did of yore;
 And though the features of my love,
 As near me still in dreams she lingers,
 Look bright, as yon bright star above,
 And peaceful, as in that blest time,
 When our young loves were in their prime —
 I know that, from the land of shades,
 When wandering thus to haunt these glades,
 The vigil to her soul is dear
 I kept, and still am keeping here!
 Enough of this, thou still would'st know
 How dealt I with my mortal foe!

XXXVII.

"The stag that snuffs the breeze of morn,
 Where first it lifts the birchen spray,
 Gazing on lakes all newly born
 From valley mists that roll away,
 Treads not 'mid upland ferns more free,
 Looks not with eye more bright below,
 Than moved and looked that man, when he
 Strode forth and stood beneath the tree
 To bide my avenging hatchet's blow:
 The crestless doe, whose faint limbs sink
 Beside the rill to which they bore her —

Life-stricken on its very brink
 That instant when she'd gasping drink
 From the bright wave that leaps before her —
 Lies not more lonely and forlorn,
 All stretched upon the forest leaves
 Than 'neath the tree that Outcast lay,
 When, by that gleaming hatchet shorn,
 His warrior-tuft is cleft away,
 And he the living doom receives
 To wander thus where'er he may,
 Of woman and of man the scorn.*

XXXVIII.

A month went by; the brushwood's blaze
 No more from that cold hearth ascended
 Where the old chief his failing days,
 Shortened by grief, had meanwhile ended.
 A month, and that deserted isle
 Was left alone to me and her!
 The summer had begun to smile,
 The winds of June the leaves to stir,
 And flowers that budded late the while,
 To bloom above her sepulchre;
 Meek, pallid things, grave-nursed below,
 That feebly there as yet would grow,
 Brighter in coming years to blow —
 And where was he whose fell despair
 The Flower of Love laid bleeding there?

*) In some tribes when the penalty of death is thus changed for that of degradation, the criminal who so regains his forfeited life is considered as *unsexed*. He then becomes the menial and slave of the first person who chooses to take possession of him, and is obliged to submit to tasks of exposure the most toilsome, and domestic offices the most humiliating; his master, or owner, (or *husband*, as he is sometimes whimsically called,) being permitted to exercise every species of tyrannical cruelty upon him, provided he shed not the blood of the poor wretch who is thus subjected to his caprices. See SCHOOLCRAFT; see also "The Equawish," in "Life on the Lakes," by the Author of "Legends of a Log Cabin."

XXXIX.

"Shooting from out the leafy land,
 Right opposite our island home,
 There was a narrow spit of sand,
 O'er which the wave, on either hand,
 Would fling at times its crest of foam.
 And here — as I one morning stood
 Upon a rock which faced that beach —
 I saw. wild rushing from the wood,
 Within my loaded rifle's reach,
 A figure that distracted ran
 Until it gained the frothy marge,
 And there, an unarmed, kneeling man,
 Bare his broad bosom to my charge!

XL.

"I stood, but did not raise the gun —
 Although it rattled in my grasp —
 I stood and coldly looked upon
 The suppliant, who, still lower bent,
 His hands in agony did clasp,
 As if the soul within him pent
 Would rend its penal tenement.
 At last, with low half smothered cry
 And quivering frame he gained his feet,
 And to the woods began to fly,
 Growing at every step more fleet,
But from that hour where'er he fled
As fleetly I too followed!

XLI.

"One moment was enough to bind
 Firmly my weapons on my head,
 The strait was swum, and far behind
 The crested waves effaced my tread
 Upon the beach, o'er which I sped
 So swiftly that the forest glade
 At once the wanderer's trail betrayed.
 And though it led o'er rocky ledge,
 Led oft within the pool's black edge,
 'T was soon revealed anew —

The springy moss just crisping back,
 I saw upon his recent track,
 Nor paused to trace it in the brook,
 Whose alders still behind him shook
 Where he had bounded through.

XLII.

"And — when again the stream he crossed,
 Where in its forks, awhile I lost
 His trail, amid the maze
 Of severing rills, and runways wound
 About the deer-lick's trampled ground —
 The very living things around,
 Which in these forest depths abound,
 The sable darting from the fern,
 The gliding ermine — each in turn,
 His whereabouts betrays :
 From plunging beaver's warning stroke,
 From wood-duck whirring from the oak,
 And screaming loon, alike I learn
 Where lead the wanderer's ways.

XLIII.

"At length within a broken dell,
 Where a gnarled beech the thunder's shock
 Had parted from the leaning rock,
 Among its cable roots, he fell;
 Where, panting, soon I saw him lie,
 Shrivelling against the blasted trunk
 With knees drawn up and cowering eye,
 As if my avenging tread had shrunk
 The miscreant there as I drew nigh
 I spoke not — but I gazed upon
 That wolf with fangs and courage gone,
 Gazed on his quailing features till
 Their furtive glance was fixed by mine,
 And I could see his writhing will
 Her feeble throne to me resign.

XLIV.

"He rose an abject, broken man,
 He dared not fight — he dared not fly,

His very life in my veins ran,
Who would not let him cast it by!
 And still he is the thing that then
 He wilted to, within that glen:
 Living — if life be drawing breath —
 But dead in all that last should die,
 For him there is no farther death
 Till from the earth he withereth.

XLV.

"I hunt for him — I dress his food,
 I guide his footsteps in the wood,
 Or, when alone for game I'd beat,
 Direct where we at night shall meet.
 He cleans my arms — my snow-shoes makes,
 He bales my shallop on the lakes,
 And when with fishing-spear I glide
 At mid-night o'er the silent tide,
 'T is he who holds the pine-knot's torch,
 That seems her blazing path to scorch
 Where waves o'er reddening shoals divide.

XLVI.

"With me he now is always meek,
 But sometimes, chafing in his thrall,
 He to my dog will sharply speak,
 Who comes, or comes not at his call.
 They both are in my camp below,
 From which, I now in hunting weather,
 For days can often safely go,
 Leaving the two alone together.
 But in those years my watch began
 His limbs were agile as my own,
 And sometimes then the tortured man,
 For weeks beyond my search hath flown,
 In shades more deep to breathe alone.

XLVII.

"Yet ever in his wildest mood,
 He would some mystic power obey,

Which from that island's haunted wood
 Ne'er let him wander far away,
 And alway soon or late I could
 Steal on him in his solitude :
 While oft as weaker grew his brain,
 And he forgot God's law of blood,
 I've tracked the poor, bewildered thing,
 Wherever he was famishing;
 And snatched him o'er and o'er again,
 From death he sought by fell and blood.

XLVIII.

"And thus as crowding seasons changed,
 When many a year was dead and gone,
 I 'mid these lakes in manhood ranged,
 Where yet in age I wander on,
 And still o'er that poor slave I've kept
 A vigil that hath never slept;
 And while upon this earth I stay,
 From *her* I'll still *keep him away* —
 From her whom I at last shall see
 My own, my own eternally !

XLIX.

"White-man ! I say not that they lie
 Who preach a faith so dark and drear,
 That wedded hearts in yon cold sky
 Meet not as they were mated here.
 But scorning not thy faith, thou must
 Stranger, in mine have equal trust ;
 The Red-man's faith by Him implanted,
 Who souls to both our races granted.
 Thou know'st in life we mingle not,
 Death cannot change our different lot !
 He who hath placed the White-man's heaven
 Where hymns in vapory clouds are chaunted,
 To harps by angel fingers played ;
 Not less on his Red children smiles,
 To whom a land of souls is given,
 Where in the ruddy west arrayed,
 Brighten our blessed hunting isles.

L.

There souls again to youth are born,
 A youth that knows no withering!
 There, blithe and bland, the breeze of morn
 Fresheneth an eternal Spring
 'Mid trees, and flowers, and water-falls,
 And fountains bubbling from the moss,
 And leaves that quiver with delight,
 As from their shade the warbler calls,
 Or, choiring, glances to the light
 On wings which never lose their gloss:
 There brooks that bear their buds away,
 From branches that will bend above them,
 So closely they could not but love them,
 To the same bowers again will stray
 From which at first they murmuring sever,
 Still floating back their blossoms to them,
 Still with the same sweet music ever,
 Returning yet once more to woo them:
 There love, like bird and brook and blossom,
 Is young for ever in each bosom!

LI.

"Those blissful ISLANDS OF THE WEST!
 I've seen myself at sun-set time,
 The golden lake in which they rest;
 Seen too the barques that bear The Blest
 Floating toward that fadeless clime:
 First dark, just as they leave our shore,
 Their sides then brightening more and more,
 Till in a flood of crimson light
 They melted from my straining sight.
 — And she, who climbed the storm-swept steep,
 She who the foaming wave would dare,
 So oft love's vigil here to keep —
 Stranger, albeit thou think'st I doat
 I know — I know she watches there!
 Watches upon that radiant strand,
 Watches to see her lover's boat
 Approach The Spirit-Land."

LII.

He ceased, and spoke no more that night.
 Though oft when chillier blew the blast,
 I saw him moving in the light
 The fire, that he was feeding, cast;
 While I, still wakeful, pondered o'er
 His wondrous story more and more.
 I thought, not wholly waste the mind
 Where FAITH so deep a root could find,
 FAITH which both love and life could save,
 And keep the first, in age still fond,
 Thus blossoming this side the grave
 In stedfast trust of fruit beyond.
 And when in after years I stood
 By INCA-PAH-CHOW's haunted water,
 Where long ago that hunter wooed
 In early youth its island daughter,
 And traced the voiceless solitude
 Once witness of his loved one's slaughter —
 At that same season of the leaf
 In which I heard him tell his grief —
 I thought some day I'd weave in rhyme,
 That tale of mellow autumn time.

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# MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

WRITTEN AT WEST POINT.

---

I'm not romantic, but, upon my word,  
There are some moments when one can't help  
feeling

As if his heart's chords were so strongly stirred  
By things around him, that 'tis vain concealing  
A little music in his soul still lingers  
Whene'er its keys are touched by Nature's fingers:

And even here, upon this settee lying,  
With many a sleepy traveller near me snoozing,  
Thoughts warm and wild are through my bosom  
flying

Like founts when first into the sunshine oozing:  
For who can look on mountain, sky and river,  
Like these, and then be cold and calm as ever!

Bright DIAN, who, Camilla-like, dost skim yon  
Azure fields — Thou who, once earthward  
bending,

Didst loose thy vlrigin zone to young Endymion  
On dewy Latmos to his arms descending —  
Thou whom the world of old on every shore,  
Type of thy sex, *Triformis*, did adore:

Tell me — where'er thy silver barque be steering  
By bright Italian or soft Persian lands,  
Or o'er those island-studded seas careering,  
Whose pearl-charged waves dissolve on coral  
strands

Tell if thou visitest, thou heavenly rover,  
A lovelier stream than this the wide world over?

Doth Achelous or Araxes flowing  
Twin born from Pindus, but ne'er meeting  
brothers —



Doth Tagus o'er his golden pavement glowing,  
Or cradle-freighted Ganges, the reproach of  
mothers,  
The storied Rhine, or far-famed Guadalquiver,  
Match they in beauty my own glorious river?

What though no cloister gray nor ivied column  
Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear?  
What though no frowning tower nor temple solemn  
Of tyrants tell and superstition here —  
What though that mouldering fort's fast-crumbling  
walls  
Did ne'er enclose a baron's bannered halls —

Its sinking arches once gave back as proud  
An echo to the war-blown clarion's peal,  
As gallant hearts its battlements did crowd  
As ever beat beneath a vest of steel,  
When herald's trump on knighthood's haughtiest  
day  
Called forth chivalric host to battle fray:

For here amid these woods did he keep court,  
Before whose mighty soul the common crowd  
Of heroes, who alone for fame have fought,  
Are like the patriarch's sheaves to heaven's  
chosen bowed —  
He who his country's eagle taught to soar,  
And fired those stars which shine o'er every shore.

And sights and sounds at which the world have  
wondered  
Within these wild ravines have had their birth;  
Young FREEDOM's cannon from these glens have  
thundered,  
And sent their startling voices o'er the earth;  
And not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary  
But treasures up within the glorious story.

And yet not rich in high-souled memories only,  
Is every moon-kissed headland round me gleam-  
ing,



Each caverned glen and leafy valley lonely,  
 And silver torrent o'er the bold rock streaming:  
 But such soft fancies here may breathe around,  
 As make Vacluse and Clarens hallowed ground.

Where, tell me where, pale watcher of the night —  
 Thou that to love so oft hast lent its soul,  
 Since the lorn Lesbian languished 'neath thy  
 light,

Or fated Romeo to his Juliet stole —  
 Where dost thou find a fitter place on earth  
 To nurse young love in hearts like theirs to both?

Oh loiter not upon that fairy shore  
 To watch the lazy barques in distance glide,  
 When sun-set brightens on their sails no more,  
 And stern-lights twinkle in the dusky tide,  
 Loiter not there, young heart, at that soft hour,  
 What time the Queen of night proclaims love's  
 power.

Even as I gaze, upon my memory's track  
 Bright as yon coil of light along the deep.  
 A scene of early youth comes dream-like back,  
 Where two stand gazing from the tide-washed  
 steep,  
 A sanguine stripling, just tow'rd manhood flushing,  
 A girl, scarce yet in ripened beauty blushing.

The hour is his! and while his hopes are soaring  
 Doubts he that maiden will become his bride?  
 Can she resist that gush of wild adoring  
 Fresh from a heart full-volumed as the tide?  
 Tremulous, but radiant, is that peerless daughter  
 Of loveliness, as is the star-strewn water!

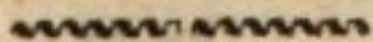
The moist leaves glimmer as they glimmered then,  
 Alas! how oft have they been since renewed,  
 How oft the whip-poor-will, from yonder glen,  
 Each year has whistled to her callow brood,



How oft have lovers by yon star's same gleam,  
 Dreamed here of bliss — and wakened from their  
 dream !

But now, bright Peri of the skies, descending  
 Thy pearly car hangs o'er yon mountain's crest,  
 And Night, more nearly now each step attending,  
 As if to hide thy envied place of rest,  
 Closes at last thy very couch beside,  
 A matron curtaining a virgin bride.

Farewell ! Though tears on every leaf are starting,  
 While through the shadowy boughs thy glances  
 quiver,  
 As of The Good, when Heaven-ward hence de-  
 parting,  
 Shines thy last smile upon the placid river.  
 So — could I fling o'er glory's tide one ray —  
 Would I too steal from this dark world away.



## THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Teach thee their language ? sweet, I know no  
 tongue,

No mystic art those gentle things declare,  
 I ne'er could trace the schoolman's trick among  
 Created things, so delicate and rare :

Their language ? Prythee ! why they are them-  
 selves

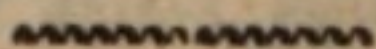
But bright thoughts syllabled to shape and hue,  
 The tongue that erst was spoken by the elves,  
 When tenderness as yet within the world was  
 new.

And oh, do not their soft and starry eyes —  
 Now bent to earth, to heaven now meekly  
 pleading,



Their incense fainting as it seeks the skies,  
 Yet still from earth with freshening hope rece-  
 ding —

Say, do not these to every heart declare,  
 With all the silent eloquence of truth,  
 The language that they speak is Nature's prayer,  
 To give her back those spotless days of youth?



## THE BOB-O-LINKUM.

---

Thou vocal sprite — thou feathered troubadour!  
 In pilgrim weeds through many a clime a ranger,  
 Com'st thou to doff thy russet suit once more,  
 And play in foppish trim the masquing stranger?  
 Philosophers may teach thy whereabouts and na-  
 ture;

But wise, as all of us, perforce, must think 'em,  
 The school-boy best hath fixed thy nomenclature,  
 And poets, too, must call thee Bob-O-Linkum.

Say! art thou, long 'mid forest glooms benighted,  
 So glad to skim our laughing meadows over —  
 With our gay orchards here so much delighted,  
 It makes thee musical thou airy rover?  
 Or are those buoyant notes the pilfered treasure  
 Of fairy isles, which thou hast learned to ravish  
 Of all their sweetest minstrelsy at pleasure,  
 And Ariel-like, again on men to lavish?

They tell sad stories of thy mad-cap freaks,  
 Wherever o'er the land thy pathway ranges;  
 And even in a brace of wandering weeks,  
 They say, alike thy song and plumage changes:  
 Here both are gay; and when the buds put forth,  
 And leafy June is shading rock and river,  
 Thou art unmatched, blithe warbler of the North,  
 While through the balmy air thy clear notes  
 quiver!



Joyous, yet tender — was that gush of song  
Caught from the brooks, where 'mid its wild  
flowers smiling,

The silent prairie listens all day long,  
The only captive to such sweet beguiling;  
Or didst thou, flitting through the verdurous halls  
And columned isles of western groves sym-  
phonious,  
Learn from the tuneful woods, rare madrigals,  
To make our flowering pastures here harmonious.

Caught'st thou thy carol from the Ottawa maid,  
Where, through the liquid fields of wild rice  
plashing

Brushing the ears from off the burdened blade,  
Her birch canoe o'er some lone lake is flashing?  
Or did the reeds of some savannah South,  
Detain thee while thy northern flight pursuing,  
To place those melodies in thy sweet mouth,  
The spice-fed winds had taught them in their  
wooing?

Unthrifty prodigal! — is no thought of ill  
Thy ceaseless roundelay disturbing ever?  
Or doth each pulse in choiring cadence still  
Throb on in music till at rest for ever?  
Yet now in wildered maze of concord floating,  
'T would seem that glorious hymning to prolong,  
Old Time in hearing thee might fall a-doating,  
And pause to listen to thy rapturous song!

## THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

And first behold this cordial Julep here,  
That flames and dances in its crystal bounds,  
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed;  
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of THOME  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born HELENA,

✱



Is of such power to stir up Joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

MILTON, — *Comus*.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,  
(And who the bright legend profanes with a  
doubt?)

One night, 'mid their revels, by BACCHUS were  
told

That his last butt of nectar had somehow run  
out!

But, determined to send round the goblet once  
more,

They sued to the fairer immortals for aid  
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were  
o'er

Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave CERES herself blithely yielded her corn,  
And the spirit that lives in each amber hued  
grain,

And which first had its birth from the dews of  
the morn.

Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops  
again.

POMONA, whose choicest of fruits on the board  
Were scatter'd profusely in every one's reach,  
When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,  
Express'd the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled, while Venus looked on,  
With glances so fraught with sweet magical  
power,

That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,  
Has never been missed in the draught from  
that hour.

FLORA then, from her bosom all fragrancy, shook,  
And with roseate fingers press'd down in the  
bowl,

All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,  
The herb whose aroma should flavour the whole.



The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,  
Though something yet wanting they all did  
bewail;  
But juleps the drink of immortals became,  
When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

**WRITTEN IN SPRING-TIME.**

Thou wak'st again, O Earth,  
From winter's sleep! —  
Bursting with voice of mirth  
From icy keep;  
And, laughing at the sun,  
Who hath their freedom won,  
Thy waters leap!

Thou wak'st, again, O Earth,  
Freshly again,  
And who by fireside hearth  
Now will remain ?  
Come on thy rosy hours, —  
Come on thy buds and flowers,  
As when in Eden's bowers  
Spring first did reign.  
Birds on thy breezes chime  
Blithe as in that matin-time,  
Their choiring begun :  
Earth, *thou* hast many a prime —  
Man hath but one.

Thou wak'st again, O Earth!  
Freshly and new,  
As when at Spring's first birth  
First flowerets grew.  
Heart! that to Earth doth cling,  
While boughs are blossoming,  
Why wake not too?  
Long thou in sloth hast lain,  
Listing to Love's soft strain —  
Wilt thou sleep on?



Playing, thou sluggard heart,  
 In life no manly part,  
     Though youth be gone.  
 Wake! 'tis Spring's quickening breath  
     Now o'er thee blown;  
 Wake thee! and ere in death  
 Pulseless thou slumbereth.  
 Pluck but from Glory's wreath  
     One leaf alone!



## SEEK NOT TO UNDERSTAND HER.

---

Why seek her heart to understand,  
 If but enough thou knowest  
 To prove that all thy love like sand,  
     Upon the wind thou throwest?  
 The ill thou makest out at last  
 Doth but reflect the bitter past,  
 While all the good thou earnest yet,  
 But makes her harder to forget.

What matters all the nobleness  
     Which in her breast resideth.  
 And what the warmth and tenderness  
     Her mien of coldness hideth,  
 If but ungenerous thoughts prevail  
 When thou her bosom wouldst assail,  
 While tenderness and warmth doth ne'er,  
 By any chance, toward thee appear.

Sum up each token thou hast won  
     Of kindred feeling there —  
 How few for Hope to build upon,  
     How many for Despair!  
 And if e'er word or look declareth  
 Love or aversion which she beareth,  
 While of the first, no proof thou hast,  
 How many are there of the last!



Then strive no more to understand  
 Her heart, of whom thou knowest  
 Enough to prove thy love like sand  
 Upon the wind thou throwest;  
 The ill thou makest out at last  
 Doth but reflect the bitter past,  
 While all the good thou learnest yet  
 But makes her harder to forget.

~~~~~

WHERE DOST THOU LOITER, SPRING ?

Where dost thou loiter, spring,
 Whilst it behoveth
 Thee to cease wandering
 Where'er thou roveth,
 And to my lady bring
 The flowers she loveth ?

Come with thy melting skies,
 Like her cheek blushing;
 Come with thy dewy eyes,
 Where founts are gushing
 Come where the wild bee hies;
 When dawn is flushing.

Lead her where, by the brook,
 The first blossom keepeth,
 Where, in the shelter'd nook,
 The callow bud sleepeth,
 Or, with a timid look,
 Through its leaves peepeth.

Lead her where, on the spray.
 Blithely carolling,
 First birds their roundelay
 For my lady sing, —
 But keep, where'er she stray,
 True love blossoming.

~~~~~



## SERENADE.

---

Sleeping! why now sleeping?  
 The moon herself looks gay,  
 While through thy lattice peeping,  
 Wilt not her call obey?  
 Wake, love, each star is keeping  
 For thee its brightest ray;  
 And languishes the gleaming  
 From fire-flies now streaming  
 Athwart the dewy spray.

Awake, the skies are weeping  
 Because thou art away,  
 But if of me thou'rt dreaming,  
 Sleep, loved one, while you may;  
 And music's wings shall hover  
 Softly thy sweet dreams over  
 Fanning dark thoughts away,  
 While, dearest, 'tis thy lover  
 Who'll bid each bright one stay.

---

## ANACREONTIC.

---

Blame not the bowl — the fruitful bowl,  
 Whence wit, and mirth, and music spring,  
 And amber drops elysian roll,  
 To bathe young Love's delighted wing.  
 What like the grape OSIRIS gave  
 Makes rigid age so lithe of limb?  
 Illumines memory's tearful wave,  
 And teaches drowning hope to swim?  
 Did ocean from his radiant arms  
 To earth another VENUS give,  
 He ne'er could match the mellow charms  
 That in the breathing beaker live.



Like burning thoughts which lovers hoard,  
In characters that mock the sight,  
Till some kind liquid, o'er them pour'd,  
Brings all their hidden warmth to light —  
Are feelings bright, which, in the cup,  
Though graven deep, appear but dim,  
Till, fill'd with glowing BACCHUS up,  
They sparkle on the foaming brim.  
Each drop upon the first you pour  
Brings some new tender thought to life,  
And, as you fill it more and more,  
The last with fervid soul is rife.

The island fount, that kept of old  
Its fabled path beneath the sea,  
And fresh, as first from earth it roll'd,  
From earth again rose joyously:  
Bore not beneath the bitter brine  
Each flower upon its limpid tide,  
More faithfully than in the wine  
Our hearts toward each other glide.  
Then drain the cup, and let thy soul  
Learn, as the draught delicious flies,  
Like pearls in the Egyptian's bowl,  
Truth beaming at the bottom lies.

## THE STUDENT'S SONG.

Thoughts — wild thoughts! O, why will ye  
wander,  
Wander away from the task that's before ye?  
Heart — weak heart! O, why art thou fonder,  
Fonder for her than ever of glory?  
What though the laurel for thee hath no glitter;  
What though thy soul never yearn'd for a name:  
When did Love garland a brow that was fitter  
To wake in Love's bosom the wild wish of  
fame?



Doth she not watch o'er thine every endeavour?  
Leans not her heart in warm faith on thine  
own?

If thou sit doubting and dreaming for ever,  
Too late thou'lt discover that her dream is  
flown !

Ay! though each thought that is tender and glow-  
ing

Hath yet no errand, save only to her —  
*She* may forget thee, while Time is thus flowing ;  
 Thou waste thy worship — fond idolater!

## THAW-KING'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

He comes on the wings of the warm south-west  
In the saffron hues of the sunbeam dress'd,  
And lingers a while on the placid bay,  
As the ice-cakes languidly steal away,  
To drink these gems which the wave turns up,  
Like Egyptian pearls in the Roman's cup.

Then hies to the wharves, where the hawser binds  
The impatient ship from the wistful winds,  
And slackens each rope till it hangs from on high,  
Less firmly pencill'd against the sky;  
And sports in the stiffen'd canvas there,  
Till its folds float out in the wooing air;  
Then leaves these quellers of ocean's pride  
To swing from the pier on the lazy tide.

He reached the Battery's grassy bed,  
And the earth smokes out from beneath his tread ;  
And he turns him about to look wistfully back  
On each charm that he loves on his beautiful  
                                track ;  
Each islet of green which the bright waters fold,  
Like emerald gems from their bosom roll'd,



The sea just peering the headlands through,  
 Where the sky is lost in its deeper blue,  
 And the thousand barks which securely sweep  
 With silvery wings round the land-locked deep.

He loiters a while on the springy ground,  
 To watch the children gambol around,  
 And thinks it hard that a touch from him  
 Cannot make the aged as lithe of limb;  
 That he has no power to melt the rime,  
 The stubborn frost that is made by Time;  
 And, sighing, he leaves the urchins to play  
 And launches at last on the world of Broadway.

There were faces and figures of heavenly mould,  
 Of charms not yet by the poet told;  
 There were dancing plumes, there were mantles  
 gay,

Flowers and ribbons flaunting there,  
 Such as of old on a festival day  
 Th' Idalian nymphs were wont to wear.  
 And the Thaw-king felt his cheek flush high,  
 And his pulses flutter in every limb,  
 As he gazed on many a beaming eye,  
 And many a form that flitted by,  
 With twinkling foot and ankle trim.

And he practised many an idle freak,  
 As he lounged the morning through:  
 He sprung the frozen gutters aleak,  
 For want of aught else to do,  
 And left them black as the libeller's ink,  
 To gurgle away to the sewer's sink.  
 He sees a beggar gaunt and grim  
 Arouse a miser's choler,  
 And he laughs while he melts the soul of him  
 To fling the wretch a dollar;  
 And he thinks how small a heaven 't would take,  
 For a world of souls like his to make.

And now, as the night falls chill and gray,  
 Like a drizzling rain on a new-made tomb,  
 And his father the Sun has slunk away,  
 And left him alone to gas and gloom,



The Thaw-king steals in a vapour thin,  
 Through the lighted porch of a house, wherein  
 Music and mirth were gaily mingled;  
 And groups like hues in one bright flower,  
 Dazzled the Thaw-king while he singled  
 Some one on whom to try his power.

He enters first in a lady's eyes,  
 And thrusts at a dandy's heart;  
 But the vest that is made by *Frost*, defies  
 The point of the Thaw-king's dart;  
 And the baffled spirit pettishly flies  
 On a pedant, to try his art;  
 But his aim is equally foiled by the dust-  
 y lore that envelopes the man of must.

And next he tries with a lover's sighs  
 To melt the heart of a belle;  
 But around her waist there's a stout arm placed,  
 Which shields that lady well.  
 And that waist! O! that waist — it is one that  
 you would  
 Like to clasp in a waltz, or — wherever you  
 could.

Her figure was fashion'd tall and slim,  
 But with rounded bust and shapely limb;  
 And her queen-like step as she trod the floor,  
 And her look, as she bridled in beauty's pride,  
 Was such as the Tyrian heroine wore  
 When she blush'd alone on the conscious shore,  
 The wandering Dardan's unwedded bride.

And the Thaw-king gazed on that lady bright,  
 With her form of love, and her looks of light,  
 Till his spirits began to wane.  
 And his wits were put to rout,  
 And entering into a poet's brain,  
 He thaw'd these verses out: —

“They are mockery all — these skies, these  
 skies —  
 Their untroubled depths of blue —  
 They are mockery all — those eyes, those eyes,



Which seem so warm and true.  
 Each tranquil star in the one that lies,  
 Each meteor-glance that at random flies  
 The other's lashes through;  
 "They are mockery all, these flowers of spring,  
 Which her airs so softly woo —  
 And the love to which we would madly cling,  
 Ay! it is mockery too;  
 The winds are false which the perfume stir,  
 And the looks deceive to which we sue,  
 And love but leads to the sepulchre,  
 Which flowers spring to strew."

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## THE FAREWELL.

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The conflict is over, the struggle is past,  
 I have look'd — I have loved — I have worshipp'd  
 my last,  
 And now back to the world, and let Fate do her  
 worst  
 On the heart that for thee such devotion hath  
 nursed:  
 To thee its best feelings were trusted away,  
 And life hath hereafter not one to betray.

Yet not in resentment thy love I resign;  
 I blame not — upbraid not — one motive of  
 thine;  
 I ask not what change has come over thy heart,  
 I reckon not what changes have doom'd us to part;  
 I but know thou hast told me to love thee no  
 more,

And I still must obey where I once did adore.

Farewell, then, thou loved one — O, loved but  
 too well,  
 Too deeply, too blindly, for language to tell —



Farewell ! thou hast trampled love's faith in the  
dust,  
Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its  
trust  
Yet, if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,  
I would pour out my own in its last fond farewell !

TO A LADY BLUSHING.

The lilies faintly to the roses yield,  
As on thy lovely cheek they struggling vie,  
(Who would not strive upon so sweet a field  
To win the mastery?)  
And thoughts are in thy speaking eyes reveal'd,  
Pure as the fount the prophet's rod unseal'd.

I could not wish that in thy bosom aught  
Should e'er one moment's transient pain awaken,  
Yet can't regret that thou — forgive the thought —  
As flowers when shaken  
Will yield their sweetest fragrance to the wind,  
Should, ruffled thus, betray thy heavenly mind.

**TO A BELLE WHO TALKED OF  
GIVING UP THE WORLD.**

You give up the world! why, as well might the  
sun,  
When tired of drinking the dew from the flowers,  
While his rays, like young hopes, stealing off  
one by one,  
Die away with the Muezzin's last note from  
the towers,



Declare that he never would gladden again,  
With one rosy smile, the young morn in its  
birth —  
But leave weeping Day, with her sorrowful train  
Of hours to grope o'er a pall-covered earth.

The light of that soul, once so brilliant and steady,  
So far can the incense of flattery smother,  
That, at thought of the world of hearts conquer'd  
already;

Like Macedon's madman, you weep for another ?  
O ! if sated with this, you would seek worlds un-  
tried,

And, fresh as was ours, when first we began it,  
Let me know but the sphere where you next will  
abide,

And, that instant, for one, I am off for that planet.

## THE MYRTLE AND STEEL.

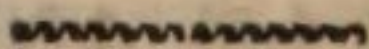
One bumper yet, gallants, at parting,  
One toast ere we arm for the fight;  
Fill round, each to her he loves dearest —  
'T is the last he may pledge her, to-night.  
Think of those who of old at the banquet  
Did their weapons in garlands conceal,  
The patriot heroes who hallowed  
The entwining of myrtle and steel!  
Then hey for the myrtle and steel,  
Then ho for the myrtle and steel,  
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,  
Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

'T is in moments like this, when each bosom  
With its highest-toned feeling is warm,  
Like the music that's said from the ocean  
To rise ere the gathering storm,



That her image around us should hover,  
 Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,  
 We may breathe mid the foam of a bumper,  
 As we drink to the myrtle and steel.  
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel,  
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel,  
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,  
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel!

Now mount, for our bugle is ringing  
 To marshal the host for the fray,  
 Where proudly our banner is flinging  
 Its folds o'er the battle-array;  
 Yet gallants — one moment — remember,  
 When your sabres the death-blow would deal,  
 That MERCY wears *her* shape who's cherish'd  
 By lads of the myrtle and steel.  
 Then hey for the myrtle and steel,  
 Then ho for the myrtle and steel,  
 Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,  
 Fill round to the myrtle and steel!



## I WILL LOVE HER NO MORE.

I will love her no more — 'tis a waste of the  
 heart,  
 This lavish of feeling — a prodigal's part;  
 Who, heedless the treasure a life could not earn,  
 Squanders forth were he vainly may look for re-  
 turn.

I will love her no more; it is folly to give  
 Our best years to one, when for many we live.  
 And he who the world will thus barter for one,  
 I ween by such traffic must soon be undone.

I will love her no more; it is heathenish thus  
 To bow to an idol which bends not to us;



Which heeds not, which hears not, which recks  
not for aught  
That the worship of years to its altar hath brought.

I will love her no more; for no love is without  
Its limit in measure, and mine hath run out;  
She engrosseth it all, and, till some she restore,  
Than this moment I love her, how can I love  
*more?*

## A HUNTER'S MATIN.

Up, comrades, up! the morn's awake  
Upon the mountain side,  
The curlew's wing hath swept the lake,  
And the deer has left the tangled brake,  
To drink from the limpid tide.  
Up, comrades, up! the mead-lark's note  
And the plover's cry o'er the prairie float,  
The squirrel, he springs from the covert now,  
To prank it away on the chestnut bough,  
Where the oriole's pendant nest, high up,  
Is rock'd on the swinging trees,  
While the humbird sips from the harebell's cup,  
As it bends to the morning breeze.  
Up, comrades, up! our shallops grate  
Upon the pebbly strand.  
And our stalwart hounds impatient wait  
To spring from the huntsman's hand.

**„TRUST IN THEE.“**

"Trust in thee?" Ay, dearest! there is no one  
but must,  
Unless truth be a fable, in such as thee trust!



For who can see heaven's own hue in those eyes,  
And doubt that truth with it came down from  
the skies;

While each thought of thy bosom, like morning's  
young light,

Almost ere 'tis born, flashes there on his sight?

"Trust in thee?" Why, bright one, thou couldst  
not betray,

While thy heart and thine eyes are for ever at  
play!

And he who unloving can study the one,  
Is so certain to be by the other undone,  
That if he cares ought for his quiet, he must,  
Like me, sweetest MARY, in both of them trust.

## THE FORESTER.

There was an old hunter camp'd down by the  
rill,

Who fish'd in this water, and shot on that hill;  
The forest for him had no danger nor gloom,  
For all that he wanted was plenty of room.

Says he, "The world's wide, there is room for  
us all:

Room enough in the greenwood if not in the hall..  
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,  
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own  
room?

He wove his own mats, and his shanty was spread  
With the skins he had dress'd, and stretched out  
overhead;

The branches of hemlock, piled deep on the floor,  
Was his bed, as he sung when the daylight was  
o'er,

"The world's wide enough, there is room for us  
all;

Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall..



Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,  
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own  
room?

That spring, half choked up by the dust of the  
road,

Through a grove of tall maples once limpidly  
flow'd;

By the rock whence it bubbles his kettle was  
hung,

Which their sap often fill'd, while the hunter he  
sung,

"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;  
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall."

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,  
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own  
room?

And still sung the hunter — when one gloomy  
day

He saw in the forest what sadden'd his lay,

'T was the rut which a heavy wheel'd waggon  
had made,

Where the greensward grows thick in the broad  
forest glade, —

"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;  
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall."

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,  
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own  
room?

He whistled his dog, and says he, "We can't  
stay;

I must shoulder my rifle, up traps, and away."

Next day, mid those maples, the settler's axe  
rung,

While slowly the hunter trudged off, as he sung,

"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;  
Room enough in the greenwood, if not in the hall."

Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,  
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own  
room?



## WITHERING — WITHERING.

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**W**ithering — withering — all are withering —  
 All of Hope's flowers that youth hath nursed —  
 Flowers of Love too early blossoming;  
 Buds of Ambition too frail to burst.  
 Faintly — faintly — O! how faintly  
 I feel life's pulses ebb and flow:  
 Yet, Sorrow, I know thou dealest daintily  
 With one who should not wish to live moe.

Nay! why, young heart, thus timidly shrinking?  
 Why doth thy upward wing thus tire?  
 Why are thy pinions so droopingly sinking,  
 When they should only waft thee higher?  
 Upward — upward let them be waving,  
 Lifting thy soul toward her place of birth.  
 There are guerdons there more worth thy having —  
 Far more than any these lures of the earth.

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## MORNING HYMN.

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"Let there be light." The Eternal spoke,  
 And from the abyss where darkness rode  
 The earliest dawn of nature broke,  
 And light around creation flow'd.  
 The glad earth smiled to see the day,  
 The first-born day, come blushing in;  
 The young day smiled to shed its ray  
 Upon a world untouch'd by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,  
 The God who first the day-beam pour'd,  
 Utter'd again his fiat forth,  
 And shed the gospel's light abroad,



And, like the dawn, its cheering rays  
 On rich and poor were meant to fall,  
 Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,  
 In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first  
 Flushes the signal-light for prayer;  
 Come with the earliest beams that burst  
 From God's bright throne of glory there.  
 Come kneel to Him who through the night  
 Hath watch'd above thy sleeping soul,  
 To Him whose mercies, like his light,  
 Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

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I DO NOT LOVE THEE.

~~~~~

I do not love thee — by my word I do not!  
 I do not love thee — for thy love I sue not!  
 And yet, I fear, there's hardly one that weareth  
 Thy beauty's chains, who like me for thee careth:  
 Who joys like me when in thy joy believing —  
 Who, like me, grieves when thou dost seem but  
 grieving;

But, though I charms so perilous eschew not,  
 I do not love thee — trust me that I do not!  
 I do not love thee! — prithee why so coy, then?  
 Doth it thy maiden bashfulness annoy, then;  
 Sith the heart's homage still will be up-welling,  
 Where truth and goodness have so sweet a dwell-  
 ling?

Surely, unjust one, I were less than mortal,  
 Knelt I not thus before that temple's portal?  
 Others dare to love thee — dare what I do not —  
 Then O! let me worship, bright one, while I  
 woo not!

~~~~~


BOAT-SONG.

We court no gale with wooing sail,
 We fear no squall a-brewing;
 Seas smooth or rough, skies fair or bluff,
 Alike our course pursuing.
 For what to us are winds, when thus
 Our merry boat is flying,
 While bold and free, with jocund glee,
 Stout hearts her oars are plying!

At twilight dun, when red the sun
 Far o'er the water flashes,
 With buoyant song, our bark along
 His crimson pathway dashes.
 And when the night devours the light,
 And shadows thicken o'er us,
 The stars steal out, the skies about,
 To dance to our bold chorus.

Sometimes, near shore, we ease our oar,
 While beauty's sleep invading,
 To watch the beam through her casement gleam,
 As she wakes to our serenading;
 Then, with the tide, we floating glide
 To music soft receding,
 Or drain one cup, to her fill'd up,
 For whom these notes are pleading.

Thus, on and on, till the night is gone,
 And the gairish dawn is breaking!
 While landsmen sleep, we boatmen keep
 The soul of frolic waking.
 And though cheerless then our craft look, when
 To her moorings day hath brought her,
 By the moon amain she is launch'd again,
 To dance o'er the merry water.

TO —

I knew not how I loved thee — no!
 I knew it not till all was o'er —
 Until thy lips had told me so —
 Had told me I must love no more!
 I knew not how I loved thee! — yet
 I long had loved thee wildly well;
 I thought 'twere easy to forget —
 I thought a word would break the spell.

And even when that word was spoken,
 Ay! even till the very last,
 I thought, that spell of faith once broken,
 I could not long lament the past.
 O, foolish heart! O, feeble brain,
 That love could thus deceive — subdue!
 Since hope cannot revive again,
 Why cannot memory perish too?



THE WESTERN HUNTER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Wend, love, with me, to the deep woods, wend,
 Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
 Where no watching eye shall over us bend,
 Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.
 Thou shalt gather from buds of the oriole's hue,
 Whose flaming wings round our pathway flit,
 From the saffron orchis and lumpin blue,
 And those like the foam on my courser's bit.

One steed and one saddle us both shall bear,
 One hand of each on the bridle meet;

And beneath the wrist that entwines me there,
An answering pulse from my heart shall beat.
I will sing thee many a joyous lay,
As we chase the deer by the blue lake-side,
While the winds that over the prairie play
Shall fan the cheek of my woodland bride.

Our home shall be the cool, bright streams,
Where the beaver chooses her safe retreat,
And our hearth shall smile like the sun's warm
gleams
Through the branches around our lodge that
meet.

Then wend with me, to the deep woods wend,
Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
Where no watching eye shall over us bend,
Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.

LOVE AND POLITICS.

A BIRTH-DAY MEDITATION.

Another year! alas, how swift,
ALINDA, do these years flit by,
Like shadows thrown by clouds that drift
In flakes along a wintry sky.
Another year! another leaf
Is turn'd within life's volume brief,
And yet not one bright page appears
Of mine within that book of years.

There are some moments when I feel
As if it should not yet be so ;
As if the years that from me steal
Had not a right alike to go,
And lose themselves in Time's dark sea,
Unbuoy'd up by aught from me ;

Aught that the future yet might claim
To rescue from their wreck a name.

But it was love that taught me rhyme,
And it was thou that taught me love;
And if I in this idle chime
Of words a useless sluggard prove,
It was thine eyes the habit nurs'd,
And in their light I learn'd it first.
It is thine eyes which day by day,
Consume my time and heart away.

And often bitter thoughts arise
Of what I've lost in loving thee,
And in my breast my spirit dies,
The gloomy cloud around to see,
Of baffled hopes and ruined powers
Of mind and miserable hours —
Of self-upbraiding, and despair —
Of heart, too strong and fierce to bear,

"Why, what a peasant slave am I,"
To bow my mind and bend my knee
To woman in idolatry,
Who takes no thought of mine or me.
O, God! that I could breathe my life
On battle-plain in charging strife —
In one mad impulse pour my soul
Far beyond passion's base control.

Thus do my jarring thoughts revolve
Their gather'd causes of offence,
Until I in my heart resolve
To dash thine angel image thence;
When some bright look, some accent kind,
Comes freshly in my heated mind,
And scares, like newly-flushing day,
These brooding thoughts like owls away.

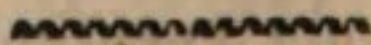
And then for hours and hours I muse
On things that might, yet will not be,
Till, one by one, my feelings lose
Their passionate intensity,

And steal away in visions soft,
Which on wild wing those feelings waft
Far, far beyond the drear domain
Of Reason and her freezing reign.

And now again from their gay track
I call, as I despondent sit,
Once more these truant fancies back,
Which round my brain so idly flit;
And some I treasure, some I blush
To own — and these I try to crush —
And some, too wild for reason's reign,
I loose in idle rhyme again.

And even thus my moments fly,
And even thus my hours decay,
And even thus my years slip by,
My life itself is wiled away;
But distant still the mounting hope,
The burning wish with men to cope
In ought that minds of iron mould
May do or dare for fame or gold.

Another year! another year,
ALINDA, it shall not be so;
Both love and lays forswear I here,
As I've forsworn thee long ago.
That name, which thou wouldst never share,
Proudly shall Fame emblazon where
On pumps and corners posters stick it,
The highest on the JACKSON ticket.



I KNOW THOU DOST LOVE ME.



I know thou dost love me — ay! frown as thou
wilt
And curl that beautiful lip,

Which I never can gaze on without the guilt
 Of burning its dew to sip.
 I know that my heart is reflected in thine,
 And, like flowers that over a brook incline,
 They toward each other dip.

Though thou lookest so cold in these halls of
 light,
 Mid the careless, proud, and gay,
 I will steal, like a thief, in thy heart at night,
 And pilfer its thoughts away.
 I will come in thy dreams at the midnight hour,
 And thy soul in secret shall own the power
 It dares to mock by day.

INSCRIPTION FOR A LADY'S FLORA.

Bright as the dew, on early buds that glistens,
 Sparkle each hope upon thy flower-strewn path;
 Gay as a bird to its new mate that listens,
 Be to thy soul each winged joy it hath;
 Thy lot still lead through ever-blooming bowers,
 And Time forever talk to thee in flowers.

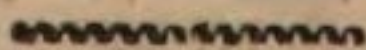
Adorned in youth, while yet the summer roses
 Of glowing girlhood bloom upon thy cheek,
 And, loved not less when fading, there reposes
 The lily, that of spring-time past doth speak.
 Never from Life's garden to be rudely riven,
 But softly stolen away from earth to heaven.

WHAT IS SOLITUDE?

Not in the shadowy wood,
 Not in the crag-hung glen,
 Not where the echoes brood
 In caves untrod by men;
 Not by the bleak sea-shore,
 Where barren surges break,
 Not on the mountain hoar,
 Not by the breezeless lake,
 Not on the desert plain,
 Where man hath never stood,
 Whether on isle or main —
 Not there is solitude!

Birds are in woodland bowers,
 Voices in lonely dells,
 Streams to the listning hours
 Talk in earth's secret cells;
 Over the gay-ribb'd sand
 Breathe ocean's frothy lips,
 Over the still lake's strand
 The wild flower tow'rd it dips;
 Pluming the mountain's crest,
 Life tosses in its pines;
 Coursing the desert's breast,
 Life in the steed's mane shines.

Leave if thou wouldst be lonely —
 Leave Nature for the crowd;
 Seek there for one — one only —
 With kindred mind endow'd!
 There — as with Nature erst
 Closely thou wouldst commune —
 The deep soul-music, nursed
 In either heart, attune!
 Heart-wearied, thou wilt own,
 Vainly that phantom woo'd,
 That thou at last hast known
 What is true solitude!



WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

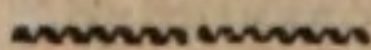
Thy thoughts are heavenward! and thy heart,
they say,
Which love, O! more than mortal, fail'd to
move,
Now in its virgin casket melts away,
And owns the impress of a Saviour's love!
Many, in days gone by — full many a prayer,
Pure though impassioned, has been breathed
for thee,
By one who once thy hallowed name did dare
Prefer with his to the Divinity!
Requite them now! not with an earthly love;
But since with that his lot thou mayst not bless —
Ask, what he dare not pray for from above —
For him the mercy of forgetfulness!

EPITAPH UPON A DOG.

An ear that caught my slightest tone,
In kindness or in anger spoken;
An eye that ever watch'd my own,
In vigils death alone has broken;
Its changeless, ceaseless, and unbought
Affection to the last revealing.
Beaming almost with human thought,
And more — far more than human feeling !
Can such in endless sleep be chill'd,
And mortal pride disdain to sorrow,
Because the pulse that here was still'd
May wake to no immortal morrow ?

Can faith, devotedness, and love,
 That seem to humbler creatures given
 To tell us what we owe above, —
 The types of what is due to Heaven, —

Can these be with the things that *were*,
 Things cherish'd — but no more returning,
 And leave behind no trace of care,
 No shade that speaks a moment's mourning?
 Alas! my friend of all of worth
 That years have stolen or years yet leave me,
 I've never known so much on earth,
 But that the loss of thine must grieve me.



TOWN REPININGS.

River, oh river, thou rovest free
 From the mountain height to the fresh blue sea,
 Free thyself, while in silver chain
 Linking each charm of land and main.
 Calling at first thy banded waves
 From hill-side thickets and fern-hid caves,
 From the splintered crag thou leap'st below,
 Through leafy glades at will to flow —
 Idling now 'mid the dallying sedge,
 Slumbering now by the steep's mossed edge,
 With statelier march once more to break
 From wooded valley to breezy lake;
 Yet all of these scenes though fair they be
 River, oh river, are banned to me!

River, oh river! upon thy tide
 Gaily the freighted vessels glide,
 Would that thou thus could'st bear away
 The thoughts that burthen my weary day,
 Or that I, from all, save them, set free,
 Though laden still, might rove with thee.
 True that thy waves brief life-time find,
 And live at the will of the wanton wind —

True that thou seekest the ocean's flow
 To be lost therein for evermoe!
 Yet the slave who worships at Honor's shrine,
 But toils for a bubble as frail as thine,
 But loses his freedom here, to be
 Forgotten as soon as in death set free.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The snow yet in the hollow lies;
 But, where by shelvy hill 't is seen,
 A thousand rills — its waste supplies —
 Are trickling over beds of green
 Down in the meadow glancing wings
 Flit in the sun-shine round a tree,
 Where still a frosted apple clings,
 Regale for early Chickadee:

And chesnut buds begin to swell,
 Where Flying-squirrels peep to know
 If from the tree-top, yet, 't were well
 To sail on leathery wing below —
 As gently shy and timorsome,
 Still holds she back who should be mine;
 Come, Spring, to her coy bosom, come,
 And warm it tow'rd her Valentine!

Come, Spring, and with the breeze that calls
 The wind-flower by the hill-side rill,
 The soft breeze that by orchard walls
 First dallies with the daffodill —
 Come lift the tresses from her cheek,
 And let me see the blush divine,
 That mantling there, those curls would seek,
 To hide from her true Valentine.

Come, Spring, and with the Red-breast's note,
 That tells of bridal tenderness,
 Where on the breeze he'll warbling float
 Afar his nesting mate to bless —

Come, whisper 't is not always Spring!
When birds may mate on every spray —
That April boughs cease blossoming!
With love it is not always May!

Come, touch her heart with thy soft tale,
Of tears within the floweret's cup,
Of fairest things that soonest fail,
Of hopes we vainly garner up —
And while, that gentle heart to melt,
Like mingled wreath, such tale you twine,
Whisper what lasting bliss were felt
In lot shared with her Valentine.

INDIAN SUMMER, 1828.

Light as love's smiles the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river;
The Blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As high in air he carols, faintly quiver;
The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving;
Beaded with dew the witch-elm's tassels shi-
ver;
The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping.
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily
leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery, ere
The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
That richly deck the slow-declining year;
I love the splendor of thy sun-set skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each failing leaf,
Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too,
brief;
I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
As on the wind he pours his parting lay,
And wings his loitering flight to summer climes
away.

THY SMILES.

I know I share thy smiles with many,
 Yet still thy smiles are dear to me;
 I know that I, far less than any,
 Call out thy spirit's witchery;
 But yet, I cannot help, when nigh thee,
 To seize upon each glance and tone,
 To hoard them in my heart when by thee,
 And count them o'er whene'er alone.

But why, O, why on all thus squander
 The treasures one alone can prize, —
 Why let the looks at random wander
 Which beam from those deluding eyes?
 Those syren tones so lightly spoken,
 Cause many a heart, I know, to thrill;
 But mine, and only mine, till broken,
 In every pulse must answer still.

A PORTRAIT.

SIEYL. — My features ne'er shall try the limner's art!
 GUY. — Wilt thou not have thy picture taken, lady?
 O! believe me, already, it in one fond heart,
 Is laid in colours which can never fade.

False Artist.

Not hers the charms which LAURA's lover drew,
 Or TITIAN's pencil on the canvas threw;
 No soul enkindled beneath southern skies
 Glow'd on her cheek and sparkled in her eyes;
 No prurient charms set off her slender form
 With swell voluptuous and with contour warm;
 While each proportion was by Nature told
 In maiden beauty's most bewitching mould.

High on her peerless brow — a radiant throne
Unmix'd with aught of earth — pale genius sat
alone.

And yet, at times, within her eye there dwelt
Softness that would the sternest bosom melt,
A depth of tenderness which show'd, when woke,
That woman there as well as angel spoke.

Yet well that eye could flash resentment's rays,
Or, proudly scornful, check the boldest gaze;
Chill burning passion with a calm disdain,
Or with one glance rekindle it again.

Her mouth — O! never fascination met
Near woman's lips half so alluring yet:
For round her mouth there play'd, at times, a
smile,

Such as did man from Paradise beguile;
Such, could it light him through this world of
pain,

As he'd not barter Eden to regain.
What though that smile might beam alike on all;
What though that glance on each as kindly fall;
What though you knew, while worshipping their
power

Your homage but the pastime of the hour,
Still they, however guarded were the heart,
Could every feeling from its fastness start —
Deceive one still, howe'er deceived before,
And make him wish thus to be cheated more,
Till, grown at last in such illusions gray,
Faith follow'd Hope and stole with Love away.
Such was ALINDA; such in her combined
Those charms which round our very nature wind;
Which, when together they in one conspire,
He who admires must love — who sees, admire.
Variably perilous; upon the sight

Now beam'd her beauty in resistless light,
And subtly now unto the heart it stole,
And, ere it startled, occupied the whole.
'Twas well for her, that lovely mischief, well
That she could not the pangs it waken'd tell;
That, like the princess in the fairy tale,
No soft emotions could her soul assail;
For Nature, — that ALINDA should not feel
For wounds her eyes might make, but never heal, —

In mercy, while she did each gift impart
Of rarest excellence, *withheld a heart!*



MELODY.

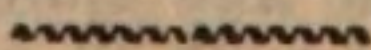
When the flowers of Friendship or Love have
decay'd,
In the heart that has trusted and once been be-
tray'd,
No sunshine of kindness their bloom can restore;
For the verdure of feeling will quicken no more!

Hope, cheated too often, when life's in its spring,
From the bosom that nursed it for ever takes
wing!

And Memory comes, as its promises fade,
To brood o'er the havoc that Passion has made.

As 'tis said that the swallow the tenement leaves
Where the ruin endangers her nest in the eaves,
While the desolate owl takes her place on the
wall,

And builds in the mansion that nods to its fall.



ASK NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER.

Ask me not why I should love her:
Look upon those soul-full eyes!
Look while mirth or feeling move her,
And see there how sweetly rise
Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast
Which is of innocence the nest —

Which, though each joy were from it shred,
By truth would still be tenanted!

See, from those sweet windows peeping,
Emotions tender, bright, and pure,
And wonder not the faith I'm keeping
Every trial can endure!

Wonder not that looks so winning
Still for me new ties are spinning;
Wonder not that heart so true
Keeps mine from ever changing too.

~~~~~

## D R E A M.

---

YOUNG LESBIA slept. Her glowing cheek  
Was on her polish'd arm reposing,  
And slumber clos'd those fatal eyes,  
Which keep so many eyes from closing.

For even Cupid, when fatigued  
Of playing with his bow and arrows,  
Will harmless furl his weary wings.  
And nestle with his mother's sparrows.

YOUNG LESBIA slept — and visions gay  
Before her dreaming soul were glancing,  
Like sights that in the moonbeams show,  
When fairies on the green are dancing.

And, first, amid a joyous throng  
She seem'd to move in festive measure,  
With many a courtly worshipper,  
That waited on her queenly pleasure.

And then, by one of those strange turns  
That witch the mind so when we're dreaming,  
She was a planet in the sky,  
And they were stars around her beaming.



Yet hardly had that lovely light  
 (To which one cannot here help kneeling)  
 Its radiance in the vault above  
 Been for a few short hours revealing,

When, like a blossom from the bough,  
 By some remorseless whirlwind riven,  
 Swiftly upon its lurid path,  
 'T was back to earth like lightning driven.

Yet, brightly still, though coldly, there  
 Those other stars were calmly shining  
 As if they did not miss the rays  
 That were but now with their own twining.

And, half with pique, and half with pain,  
 To be from that gay chorus parting,  
 Young LESBIA from her dream awoke,  
 With swelling heart and tear-drob starting.

#### INTERPRETATION.

Had she but thought of those below,  
 Who thus were left with breasts benighted,  
 Till Heaven dismiss'd that star to earth,  
 By which alone our hearts are lighted —

Or, had she recollected, when  
 Each virtue from the world departed,  
 How Hope, the dearest came again,  
 And stay'd to cheer the lonely-hearted :

Sweet LESBIA could not thus have grieved,  
 From that cold, dazzling throng to sever,  
 And yield her warm, young heart again  
 To those that prize its worth for ever.

~~~~~


THY NAME.

It comes to me when healths go round,
 And o'er the wine their garlands wreathing
 The flowers of wit with music wound,
 Are freshly from the goblet breathing;
 From sparkling song and sally gay
 It comes to steal my heart away,
 And fill my soul, mid festal glee,
 With sad, sweet, silent thoughts of thee.

It comes to me upon the mart,
 Where care in jostling crowds is rife:
 Where Avarice goads the sordid heart,
 Or cold Ambition prompts the strife;
 It comes to whisper, if I'm there,
 'T is but with thee each prize to share,
 For Fame were not success to me,
 Nor riches wealth unshared with thee.

It comes to me when smiles are bright
 On gentle lips that murmur round me,
 And kindling glances flash delight
 In eyes whose spell would once have bound me.
 It comes — but comes to bring alone
 Remembrance of some look or tone,
 Dearer than aught I hear or see,
 Because 't was born or breathed by thee.

It comes to me where cloister'd boughs
 Their shadows cast upon the sod;
 A while in Nature's fane my vows
 Are lifted from her shrine to God;
 It comes to tell that all of worth
 I dream in heaven or know on earth,
 However bright or dear it be,
 Is blended with my thought of thee.

SHE LOVES BUT 'TIS NOT ME.

She loves but 'tis not me she loves:
 Not me on whom she ponders,
 When in some dream of tenderness.
 Her truant fancy wanders.
 The forms that flit her visions through
 Are like the shapes of old,
 Where tales of prince and paladin
 On tapestry are told.
 Man may not hope her heart to win,
 Be his of common mould.

But I — though spurs are won no more
 Where herald's trump is pealing,
 Nor thrones carved out for lady fair
 Where steel-clad ranks are wheeling —
 I loose the falcon of my hopes
 Upon as proud a flight
 As those who hawk'd at high renown,
 In song-ennobled fight.
 If *daring*, then, true love may crown,
 My love she must requite.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
 With hue as red as the rosy bed
 Which a bee would choose to dream in.
 Then fill to night with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

E.

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E.

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine,
Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno, or Rhine;
Of the houris that gladden the East with their
smiles,

Where the sea's studded over with green summer isles :

But what flower of far-away clime can compare
With the blossom of ours — bright ROSALIE
CLARE?

Who owns she's not peerless, who calls her not
fair?

Let him meet but the glances of ROSALIE CLARE!
Let him list to her voice, let him gaze on her
form,

And if, seeing and hearing, his soul do not
warm,

Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air
Than that which is bless'd by sweet ROSALIE
CLARE,

WE PARTED IN SADNESS.

We parted in sadness, but spoke not of parting;
We talk'd not of hopes that we both must re-
sign,

I saw not her eyes, and but one tear-drop start-
ing,

Fell down on her hand as it trembled in mine :
Each felt that the past we could never recover,
Each felt that the future no hope could restore;
She shudder'd at wringing the heart of her lover,
I dared not to say I must meet her no more.

Long years have gone by, and the spring-time
smiles ever,

As o'er our young loves it first smiled in their
birth.

Long years have gone by, yet that parting, O!
never

Can it be forgotten by either on earth.
The note of each wild bird that carols toward
heaven,

Must tell her of swift-winged hopes that were
mine,

And the dew that steals over each blossom at
even,

Tells me of the tear-drop that wept their decline.



THINK OF ME DEAREST.

Think of me, dearest, when day is breaking
Away from the sable chains of night,
When the sun, his ocean-couch forsaking,
Like a giant first in his strength awaking,
Is flinging abroad his limbs of light;
As the breeze that first travels with morning
 forth,
Giving life to her steps o'er the quickening earth —
As the dream that has cheated my soul through
 the night.
Let me in thy thoughts come fresh with the
 light.

Think of me, dearest, when day is sinking
In the soft embrace of twilight gray,
When the starry eyes of heaven are winking,
And the weary flowers their tears are drinking,
As they start like gems on the moon-touch'd
spray.

Let me come warm in thy thoughts at eve,
As the glowing track which the sunbeams leave,
When they, blushing, tremble along the deep,
While stealing away to their place of sleep.

Think of me, dearest, when round thee smiling
Are eyes that melt while they gaze on thee;
When words are winning, and looks are wiling,
And those words and looks of *others* beguiling
Thy fluttering heart from love and me.
Let me come true in thy thoughts in that hour;
Let my trust and my faith — my devotion —
 have power,
When all that can lure to thy young soul is near-
 est,
To summon each truant thought back to me, dear-
 est.

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The vigil of faith and other poems

Nürnberg [u.a.] [1846]

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